The Neceſſitated Virgin.

See here the Virgin in diſtreſs,
Complains Young-men are pittileſs;
And ſhe full fain would comfort find,
To eaſe her ſad perplexed mind.

Tune of, *What ſhall I do, ſhall I dye for love*, &c.

WHat ſhall I do in this deep diſtreſs,
is there no help to be had?
Young-Men are grown ſo pittileſs,
'twill make poor Maids run mad.

I am full fifteen years of age,
my Fortune is ſo bad;
It puts me into ſuch a Rage,
'twill make me run quite mad.

And had my Mothers fortune been
like mine, ſo grievous ſad,
Then what a plight had ſhe been in,
and like me, almoſt mad.

Had I a Sweet-heart at this time,
ſome thundring whiſking Lad;
To eaſe me now I'm in the Prime,
'twould ſave my running mad.

But I am quite Unfortunate,
worſe luck no Girl e're had;
year after year to pine and wait,
'twill ſurely make me mad.

Come Rich or Poor, come Old or young,
and make my heart full glad;
For now my paſſion is ſo ſtrong,
that I ſhall run ſtark mad.

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TO see my Comrades Belly swell,
it makes my heart full sad,
And I I'm sure can kiss as well,
would this not make one mad.

Yea, some strange, old, and wrinkled things,
good fortune they have had;
Yea, taste from whence all comfort springs,
would this not make one mad?

And Doll the dirty Dairy-Maid,
met with a brisk young Lad;
At pleasant sport with her he play'd,
else she had run quite mad.

And greesie Sue, the Cook-wench too,
good fortune she hath had;
And Jone hath Sweet-hearts one or two,
this, this will make me mad.

I'm fair enough in my conceit,
my Portion's not so bad;
But if I cannot quickly ha't,
i'm sure I shall run mad.

When hand in hand I see a Girl
go mincing with her Lad;
Then from mine eye there drops a pearl,
and I am almost mad.

In Dreams sometimes my self I please,
and make my heart full glad;
I wake, see no such things as these,
this helps to make me mad.

Besides I'm jeer'd by every one,
'cause I no Love have had;
Which makes me sigh, lament and groan,
and makes me worse than mad.

I am almost pollest with fears,
which makes me dull and sad;
That I shall lose my teaming years,
and then I shall run mad.

For in the world I think before
such ill luck none e're had;
Now my condition I deplore,
i'm ready to run mad.

Some gentle young-Man come away,
and ease my heart so sad;
I hourly for a Husband pray,
for fear I should go mad.

But if I cannot find relief
with some young lusty Lad,
I'le play the whore, and not the thief,
and save my running mad.

FINIS.

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